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Painting by
Ethel Wright

The Day of Days.

Lo, the day of days is here,
Earth puts on her robes of cheer:
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!
Fields are smiling in the sun,
Loosened streamlets seaward run,
Tender blade and leaf appear,
'Tis the spring-tide of the year!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

Lo, the day of days is here,
Music thrills the atmosphere.
Join, ye people all, and sing
Love and praise and thanksgiving!
Rocky steep or flowery mead,
One the Shepherd that doth lead;
One the hope within us born,
One the joy of Easter morn!
Day of hope and prophecy,
Feast of immortality!

FREDERICK LUCIAN HOSMER.

THE SONG OF THE AGES

The Easter Sacrifice.

BY FRANCES HARMER.

"WHAT are you going to have by way of an Easter hat this year?" asked Lucy Carrington of Mabel Green, her especial friend. The two girls were walking home from school. "I don't think I shall have my spring hat for two weeks after Easter," said Mabel, with the slightest emphasis on the word "spring."

"Not have a new hat for Easter! Why I thought"—Lucy spoke very warmly, and then stopped abruptly.

Mabel laughed.

"I do believe that you were going to say, 'I thought that was what Easter was for!'" she replied merrily.

"I believe I was,"—Lucy joined in the laugh against herself,—"but of course I know better. Easter stands for—for"—

"For the risen life,"—Mabel's face

lighted with enthusiasm,—"for the burying of all the faults we can bury, and the looking beyond them. Some Christians believe more than others about this, but at least Easter stands for something to do with the soul—not clothes."

"When you come to Sunday-school with your lessons all pat, I sometimes envy you, having a minister for your father," remarked Lucy, "but if you have to have a kind of Sunday-school going on in your head all the time, I don't know that I do."

Mabel smiled.

"I'm afraid I'm not more Sunday-schooly than any of the rest of you," she answered, "but mother—not father, you see—has always reminded us that Easter and new clothes have no connection."

"Oh, but they have!" cried Lucy. "Easter comes from a word—German, isn't it?—that means spring!"

"Oh, no," replied the better-informed

Mabel, "Easter comes from Eos, the Dawn! It is Lent which means spring."

"So it is," Lucy remembered, "but, even supposing there is no rule about it, I think it's a kind of—of compliment to Easter to be fresh and nice and new for it."

"Just so far as your new clothes mean that." Mabel paused, for now she stood on her own doorstep. "I daresay even mother would agree with you. But when it comes to turning the church into a kind of emporium, there's no compliment to Easter in that."

"No-no," agreed Lucy.

"Won't you come in?" Mabel asked hospitably.

"No, dear, thank you. I'm to meet mother at Gray's."

"To choose—spring clothes?"

"Easter clothes," laughed Lucy. She and Mabel always had a good-natured struggle for the last word. "Good-by."

But as she went on her way Lucy thought about Mabel's words. She remembered that not only the minister but some grown-ups to whom she listened when they came to take dinner or supper at her home, had spoken very seriously over the subject of "Easter clothes," had deplored the turning of a religious festival into a "spring exhibition."

She threw herself almost whole-heartedly into the choice of her spring suit and hat, and saw with satisfaction the purchase of gloves, hosiery and shoes in accordance with the color scheme selected by herself and endorsed by her mother.

"I'll try not to think about them any more," she told herself as she went home. "One must have clothes, and what can be the harm of having them for Easter?"

Joyce Grant and Isabel Wynne came round to see her that evening. They, like herself, had spent the afternoon in the buying of spring raiment. To them Lucy retailed part of her talk with Mabel.

"Oh, poor Mabel!" cried Joyce. "Don't you know it's Hobson's choice with her? Her father's salary is so small—ministers' always are, it seems to me—that she is probably going to wear her last year's things till the summer sales begin. That's what she generally does, and her mother, too."

"It seems a shame—because of course she'd like new Easter things as well as the rest of us," chimed in Isabel.

"Oh,"—Lucy was sincerely sorry for her friend,—"*I—I—wish we could something.*"

"I don't think the Greens would like it." Joyce threw cold water on the project at once. "They wouldn't hear of a donation party, you remember."

"Still," Mabel's loyal friend said, "if one could do it nicely!"

"You couldn't offer Mr. or Mrs. Green anything so nicely that they'd like it," Joyce declared positively.

But Lucy, that night, took her mother into her confidence. Her mother talked the next day with Mrs. Grant, who called on Mrs. Wynne in the evening. Joyce opposed the suggestions resulting from these for a time, but yielded in the end. That is to say, she gladly contributed the time and small share of money asked of her, which in her case, as in theirs, involved sacrifice. Her convictions remained the same.

"The man that's led against his will
Is of the same opinion still."

However, when she saw the box that the other girls were lovingly packing on Easter Eve, she said very warmly:

"I hope she'll like it!"

"Hope!" Lucy said in high spirits. "I have no fear."

A coat and skirt of light tan cloth, a brown straw hat with buttercups, tan shoes and stockings and gloves, two dainty handkerchiefs, and a fascinating little boutonniere of buttercups filled the nice strong cardboard box. A delicate Easter card, bearing a spray of lilies on one side, and on the other, "With love, from friends who wish you never to know they did this," was enclosed in an envelope addressed to Miss Mabel Green.

Mabel sat in her room on Easter Eve, rather tired. She had been helping busily in the decoration of the church, which was freshly clean, and fragrant with lilies sent by various members of the congregation.

In spite of her talk about clothes having no connection with Easter, she looked a little wistfully at her last year's suit, which her mother had pressed that day. It was even more wistfully that she looked at her winter's hat, the only one she possessed. Her last spring's leghorn had done service for three summers, and could not be thought of again!

"Mabel!"

"Yes, mother." She ran to the head of the stairs.

"Here is a box for you—a big suit-box."

Mabel ran down to the hall. The boy (specially instructed!) had gone.

"What can it be? Who sent it? What does it mean?"

She carried the box into the shabby little dining-room, where her father was reading.

"Oh, look—look! But who—who—why, who has dared?"

The first irrepressible delight was succeeded by wonder, the wonder by anger. None of her girl friends had counted on her quick perception.

"I believe those girls have sent it. I don't see how they dared! I've always told them that new clothes did not belong to Easter. Mother, I want to send them all back!"

Her cheeks were flushed, her eyes shining with indignation.

The mother stood very silent. She well understood the pride which dictated the words.

Mr. Green pointed to the envelope. Mabel opened it.

"It's all printed—but I'm sure Lucy did it," she said.

"Still, you can hardly assume that, when the sender says she—no, its *they!*—want you not to know. It's very delicately done," said Mrs. Green. If she had not known so well how hard accepting can sometimes be, she might have echoed her daughter's sentiments. As it was, she tried to soothe them.

"I'll send it back to some one," cried poor Mabel.

"No, my dear." Her gentle father spoke with the immovable firmness of the gentle when set. "It was kindly meant—you must not fling kindness back in that way."

"I—I couldn't wear them," she protested.

"I think you can. I think you can sacrifice your pride, as they must have sacrificed some material thing," he insisted.

It was hard to do, but at last, after a long talk with her father, Mabel consented. Yet when the morning came and she put them all on it seemed as if the conflicting emotions would stifle her. She couldn't help liking the new clothes, but to think the girls would be watching her to see how she looked in their gifts!

Her father and mother said not a word, for which she was thankful to them. As they went into church she saw Lucy, alone, at the end of her pew. She gave one quick glance at Mabel, and then looked away—only to look back again, so eagerly, so almost pleadingly, that all at once Mabel felt her pride thaw, in an appreciation of the affection which had prompted the offering.

"I am glad we made the little sacrifice; didn't she look lovely?" said Isabel.

"Lovely—and she didn't mind—she smiled, and I think she guessed," added Lucy.

"M'm," said Joyce, "If you talk about making an Easter sacrifice, I rather think Mabel made the greatest of us all!"

Perhaps she had! But she went home, strangely softened, after making it, and sat down at the dinner table more cheerfully than her father and mother had hoped she could.

"It's nice that there's kindness in the world," she remarked, and they smiled over her head.

The Christian Register.

Pigeons.

BY KATE HUDSON.

THERE is a crowded corner in our town where several car-lines meet, and many people always stand waiting for the right trolley-car. Fluttering in and out among them are always many gentle, trustful pigeons; strutting busily about, they make their meal on the grain, spilled by the dray-horses from their nose-bags, and on the peanuts thrown them by the bent and wizened old man who keeps a stand. He softly whistles to them, and talks to them in French; and this is what he told little Dick and me, on day, as we stood waiting for the car that would take us to the Park.

"You also love my pretty birds, is it not?" the old Alsatian began. "I call them *mine* because I too love *them*, and *they* without question love *me*. Behold that gray one there,—the one so softly colored, with the throat that shines in the tints of ruby, sapphire, and emerald. *She* is my altogether dear one, the one I love the best because she is so just entirely like the very first dove the good God turned out, quite finished, from his workshop. You do not know the story, my dear one? But that is droll! Then let me tell it to you.

"You must know, then, that after the beasts of field and wood all stood ready, the good God created the birds, which at first, though very different in size and shape and habits, were all of the same sober shade of drab. Whereupon, being kind as well as good and great, the Heavenly Father determined to make these birds, so soaring and so songful, very beautiful as well, and called them

all before him as he sat upon his big golden throne, with scores of rainbow-dye-filled seashells at his right hand, and offered to give each bird the colors it would like to wear. The birds, as without doubt you will believe, were quite delighted, and crowded closer and closer; eagle, magpie, wren and robin, swan and swallow, and hosts of others were finished and lovely in their fresh new paint coats, and the pigments in the shells were rapidly giving out. The few remaining, still sadly gray and colorless, pressed forward—hustling and jostling in their fear of being left undecorated,—all but the pigeon, which, modestly making way for one and another, for a third and a fourth bird, was soon left the very last of all the birds to be painted—covered with but the sad-tinted, sober-drab, one-colored feathers.

"Oh, my poor, dear, bonny bird!" exclaimed the kind Father, with compassion. "There's hardly another color left; and blue wings and a red head would go so well with your shape and size!" And he deftly touched up her wings and her tail-feathers with silvery gray, a bit of

white, and a streak or two of slate color. As he set the dove upon his left hand to note the general effect, her clear, bright, red-rimmed eyes noticed that the paint-shells were not absolutely empty. 'Dear, kind, merciful Father,' she timidly besought him, 'there's still *some* red left, and quite a bit of blue; as well as an atom of gold, and a remnant of green. Do but just give me a tiny dab of what's left somewhere on my gray gown; for I am so fond of a bit of bright color, kind Father, to make things feel more cheerful.'

"Whereupon the good God, with infinite care and patience, took from the paint-shells what remained of paint-scrap— wee flecks of red and green, of purple, blue, and gold—and blended them so cunningly together that the pigeon's broad, brightly-iridescent necklace makes her one of the most beautiful of birds. Throw her these kernels, my son, and see her meekly approach and modestly and daintily peck up her dinner, and regard how her smooth throat and her soft breast glow in brilliant rainbow tints, as if she were hung with jewels."

One day, Mr. Miller was sorting the packages of seeds and the bulbs when Edna came to watch him. She knew he was getting things ready for spring, so that when time for gardens came, his would be as early as any of the gardens in town. She watched him while he was getting boxes filled with the rich, brown earth. In these boxes she knew seeds of certain kinds of vegetables and plants would be started right away, and would be kept in the warm cellar until it was safe to plant them out-of-doors.

After getting some of the boxes filled with the earth, Edna saw her father looking at some pots already filled. These he had brought from a dark corner near the vegetable bins in another part of the cellar.

"Oh, what are they?" cried Edna, for she saw green shoots coming from the earth.

"Tulip, crocus, lily, and narcissus bulbs just making up their minds to grow and blossom for Easter," said Mr. Miller.

"Why didn't you put them in the sunshine, where they would grow faster?" she asked.

"Almost too soon yet to give them sunshine, but they may come out of their dark corner a little way and have a wee taste of daylight for a change. I have to keep them from growing tall till they have plenty of roots first. So in the dark the roots begin to grow, and when I think there are sturdy roots to hold up good leaves and blossoms I let them stand in stronger light to start the tops. Then soon they may have all the sunshine they want, and leaves and blossoms will be all the better for the time the roots had a chance to grow strong."

"When will the buds come?" asked Edna.

"If nothing happens, I should think about in time to blossom before Easter Day, when they ought to be just right."

That made Edna think of something.

"O Daddy!" she cried. "Let me start a bulb all alone by myself and make it blossom for Easter, so I can take it to church for my Easter offering for the sick! Will you?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Mr. Miller. "What kind of bulb do you want?"

"Oh! May I choose any kind?" she asked.

"Any kind I have," said her father. "I have all kinds. There are all colors of hyacinths, and tulips too, and they will grow quickly. If you wish crocuses, you may have several bulbs to plant in one large pot, and you can have white crocuses alone, or purple ones, or yellow or mixed ones, as you like best. Narcissus is just white, of course, and so are the lilies too; or maybe you would like to start some fine daffodils or jonquils."

Edna thought a long time about it. Then she decided that for church it would be much better to have white, which would look the most Eastery of anything; so she told her father she would like just one bulb of an Easter lily.

"And please let me pick out the bulb all alone too!" she cried eagerly.

"All right," said he. "The bulb boxes and bags are all over near the vegetable-bins. Choose your own bulb, if you want to."

It was such a lot of fun to pick out that bulb all alone. She had watched her father handle bulbs so much that she knew which were the little crocus ones, which the tulips, and so on, and she knew how to put a small piece of a broken pot over the hole in the bottom of the pot you wanted to fill with earth, so that the drainage would be all right.

Father told her which pot to take, and let her do all the rest. She peeped into all the bulb boxes and bags, and passed by the crocus and tulip ones, and all the rest except the lilies. These she looked at many times before she chose the one to take, and finally made up her mind to plant one which was so fat that it looked as though it would have at least seven blossoms and buds on it when it was a grown-up plant. Then into her pot of soft earth it went, and she said:

"Now, Father, I'm sure you will be surprised. You haven't seen the bulb I chose, but it is a surprise secret, you know, so you're not supposed to see it till it blossoms."

"I see," said Father. "Are you sure you planted it just right, and don't want me to see if you did it so?"

"Quite sure," said she.

So the bulb went into the dark after she had written her name on a piece of stick and stuck it into the pot, so they would both know which was her plant, and right away the bulb began to make roots.

When the day came to let the bulb come into the gentle light of the cellar, Edna could hardly wait to see the top begin to grow.

Then soon the top did really begin to grow, and how it made up for lost time! Edna still did not let her father see it, and he promised not to till it budded. But one day Edna found that it was not acting in the least like an Easter lily. No stalk shot up, but wide blades, and she had to tell her father. Then he said he'd better see it, and he did, and here is where the wheelbarrow comes into the story, for he sat down on it and laughed as hard as he could, and the reason was that somehow a vegetable bulb had gotten mixed up with the lily bulbs, and Edna had planted a Bermuda onion!



Edna Miller's Easter Bulb.

BY BLANCHE ELIZABETH WADE.

ONCE upon a time there were several things with which to make a story. These same things would make a garden also, as well as a story, as you can see for yourself when you read the list, which is as follows: A little girl; a strong man; a wheelbarrow; a lot of flower-pots; packages of seeds; fat, funny bulbs; rich, brown earth; and a good warm cellar.

* You see, there are plenty of things in that list for a story and a garden too; so I think it would be rather fun to work the story and the garden things together, and see what will happen.

The little girl was Edna Miller; the strong man was her father; any one knows what a wheelbarrow is and what flower-pots are; the packages of seeds were of many kinds; so were the fat, funny bulbs; rich, brown earth was not out-of-doors, but in a great pile in the gardening part of the cellar; and the good warm cellar was under Edna's house.



THE BEACON CLUB



Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Any club member who has lost his button *must send a two-cent stamp* when requesting another.

35 CHURCH STREET,
ELLSWORTH, ME.

My dear Miss Buck,—I am already a member of the Beacon Club but I am sorry to say that I lost my pin. I would like another because my Sunday-school class uses the pin for a class pin. I am enclosing a two-cent stamp.

I am in the house with a bad cold and have been amusing myself with old *Beacons*. I have nearly all from 1914 to this Sunday's. I have a Beacon Club friend in Salt Lake City, Utah, and I was interested in a Beacon Club letter of hers a few weeks ago.

Very truly yours,
CATHERINE OSGOOD.

27 PLEASANT PARK ROAD,
WINTHROP, MASS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I live in Winthrop, and I go to the Unitarian church. Mr. Savage is our pastor and Mr. Cushman is superintendent of the Sunday school.

I live here most of the time, but through the summer I usually spend two weeks in the country.

I am almost twelve and tried to go into the Scouts but there was no more room.

Sincerely yours,
WILEY D. MOULTON.

"Funny you did not notice the smell," said he, but he let her start another bulb right off, and it was in plenty of time and had exactly seven buds, the first of which blossomed Easter Saturday, so that the plant went to church and stood in front of the minister's pulpit.

"And besides," said Father, "I think I never saw a finer onion than yours, Edna, and you may be proud of your bulb, for it is the useful sort—and I am not so sure that it is not a pretty plant, too!"

Greetings to the Robin.

BY AMELIA MURDOCK WING.

GLAD you're here, Robin dear,
It was hard to wait for you
All the dreary winter through.
We count days till robin-time,
Till you come from Southern clime.

Like a child, we are wild
With delight when first we learn
Joyous news of your return!
Be not timid, have no fear,
For your friends are ever near.

Hop around on the ground.
Choose whatever place seems best
For your little cradle-nest.
Sing your songs from day to day.
Wish you'd never go away!

Our Young Contributors.

BEST EASTER WISHES TO *BEACON*
READERS.

BY VERA LARKIN.
(Aged 13.)

The sunny Spring once more hath sway
O'er grassy hills and flowery plains;
And Easter chimings sweetly say,
"Love changeless reigns."

I've watered the flowers for Easter
To send a bright bunch to you;
They bring you my kindest greetings
And many good wishes, too.

29 EAST WILSON STREET,
MADISON, WIS.

Dear Miss Buck,—I go to the Unitarian Sunday school of Madison. I enjoy *The Beacon* very much and read it every Sunday. I also work out most of the puzzles. In our Sunday-school class we are taking a trip to Palestine. I am eleven years old and am in the seventh grade.

Yours truly,
MERLE OWEN.

Other new members of our Club are: Jessie Brabander, New London, Conn.; Doris Louise Morrow, Geneseo, Ill.; Burpee Berry, Margaret Fellows, Rosalie Fellows, and Thomas M. Hersey, Bangor, Me.; Howard Bancroft, South Nashua, N.H.; Helen Baldwin, Hazel Pickett, and Helen Whiting, Wilton, N.H.; Jacqueline Snell, Brooklyn, N.Y.; Barbara Reed, Schenectady, N.Y.; Ethel Webb, Ironsburg, Tenn.; Katherine S. Gorham, Windsor, Vt.; Verna Thornton, Pera, Va.; Betsy Owen, Madison, Wis.

Church School News.

IN the First Unitarian Church school of Marietta, Ohio, the children are encouraged to memorize the words of the hymns so that they can sing them without a book. To the usual memory portions of the service, "Our Faith" and the Lord's Prayer, is added a school pledge. These are recited each Sunday as part of the service. A story or short talk is given each Sunday by the minister or the Assistant Superintendent.

A good report comes from the Unitarian Sunday school in New Orleans, La. There has been added to the school this year a class of young people with the minister, Rev. J. B. H. Tegarden, in charge. This class has an attendance ranging from fifteen to twenty-five and adds this number to the membership of the school reported last year.

The motto of the Sunday school at New London, Conn., for this year, is, "A full Sunday school and a full church every Sunday." Each year this school contributes \$25 toward the support of the church.

A good report of interest, enthusiasm, and attendance comes from our school in Des Moines, Ia., of which Henry H. Griffiths is Superintendent. The Senior boys of this school have held high rank in the City Sunday School Basketball League for two years, and are hoping to secure the championship this year. A French war orphan has for three successive years been sustained by this school.

Every class in the Sunday school of our church at Geneseo, Ill., is organized. The names of two of them, "The Social Six" and "Kindly Kids," will interest our readers. The classes take turns in giving the social evenings at the church once each month.

RECREATION CORNER

ENIGMA LIV.

I am composed of 18 letters.
My 3, 1, 7, 7, is a season.
My 11, 1, 18, is a color.
My 4, 12, 13, 11, is a tear in your dress.
My 2, 5, 1, 3, is something on a tree.
My 11, 1, 16, 11, 5, is one of our senses.
My 15, 8, 14, 6, 5, 9, is there, away.
My 4, 12, 6, is a color.
My 17, 13, is a preposition.
My 9, 8, 1, 10, is a country street.
My whole is a well-known English poet.

MIRIAM LLOYD.

ENIGMA LV.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 1, 8, 8, 10, 11, is to tease.
My 6, 7, 8, is what your mother does with peas.
My 2, 1, 8, is not woman.
My 9, 3, 7, 4, is a hibernating animal.
My 5, is a vowel.
My whole is a well-known boy's magazine.

ELTING MORISON.

A LITERARY ACROSTIC.

x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x
x	x

Primals and finals name two of Fenimore Cooper's famous books.

1. Troubled. 2. Contrary. 3. Silly talk.
4. A girl's name. 5. The first king of Rome.
6. Longing. 7. One of the United States of America. 8. Clothing. 9. A color. 10. A small evergreen shrub.

The Target.

A WORD SQUARE.

1. A consonant.
2. The definite article.
3. A sound transmitter.
4. The extreme limit.
5. A vowel.

JOHN BECK.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 27.

ENIGMA LI.—1. Snowdrop. 2. Daffodil. 3. Hyacinth. 4. Dandelion.

PI.—There is a lesson in each flower,
A story in each stream and bower.
In every herb on which we tread
Are written words which rightly read,
Will lead us from earth's fragrant sod
To hope, and holiness, and God.

HIDDEN MOUNTAIN RANGES AND PEAKS.—1. Himalaya. 2. Catskill. 3. Rocky. 4. Atlas. 5. Kong. 6. Blue. 7. Black. 8. Cumberland. 9. Balkan. 10. Apennine.

THE BEACON

REV. FLORENCE BUCK, Editor

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